

SEEN IN THE WORLD OF ART

COROT, THE BEST BELOVED ARTIST OF HIS CENTURY.

The Father of the Landscape Art of Today—Qualities That Mark His Painting—The Transition From the Old School to the New—Corot's Traits.

A painter who can charm alike the connoisseur and the man in the street, that dear old fiction, is apt to set critics thinking. This was accomplished by Camille Corot, who with the exception of Millet and his eternal "Angoules" ("You can hear the bells ringing in the picture") remarks the veriest ignoramus of art, is the best beloved artist of his century. There is a reason. According to Henry Corot is a culmination. On his own ground he may challenge comparison with the greatest. He entered upon his career with the classic convention developed by the descendants of the Poussins, was mined with decay and tottering to its fall, and as yet the forerunners of romanticism were but groping their way toward new truths and new ideals; and it was his to unite in his art the best tendencies of both the new school and the old. It is to be supposed that his interest in pure nature and his perception of her inexhaustible suggestiveness were stimulated and determined by the revelations of certain artists who were at once his ancestors and his contemporaries; it is at any rate certain that he was himself an ardent and curious student of facts as ever painted, and that the basis of his art is a knowledge of reality as deep and sound as it is rich and novel. On the other hand the essentials of classicism—composition, selection, treatment, the master quality of style—were his by genius and inheritance. In his most careful work there is a strain of elegance, a thrill of style, a hint of the unseen; while at his best he is not only the consummate painter, he is also the most charming of poets. It was Chéribullez, was it not, who said of Mozart that he was the only Athenian who ever wrote music? The phrase is good; it suggests so happily an ideal marriage of sentiment with style. With the substitution of landscape for music, it might be Corot's epitaph. Corot is the Mozart of landscape.

Corot (1796-1875) is often described as a "classic" painter in the sense that he derives from Claude, the painter of Roman scenes, rather than from the Dutch; that the build, grouping, filling of his atelier compositions and their stately sentimentality are stamped with that origin; that the buildings of his distances are seen under a "souvenir d'Italie" and the figures of his foregrounds sometimes taken from mythology. All that is true, but, as MacColl warns us, we must beware of a label that more correctly describes things than the feelings about them, which is the true essence of art. Claude's feeling about the classic sites and buildings that he painted and the reverent with whom he peopled these scenes was evidently what we call romantic; the ruins of classic times affected him, a modern, with the same nostalgia for a distant half lost, half recovered world as the later romantics derived from medieval ruins and legends. In the Middle Ages this haunting of a submerged world, dismissed from a token here, a disguised survivor there, sounded most thrillingly in traditions and tales of classic times; the "gods in exile" were to the medieval imagination what the knights and pilgrims of that time have been to ours; romance lies in such intrusions and returns. When Corot was a boy the politicians even had their romantic vision of a classic life; they saw themselves in the attitudes of Brutus and the Horatii, survivors of a noble republican valor and piety. The "classic" art of that time forbade any place to landscape except as the theatre for the memorable actions of exalted patriots. In this sort of classical Corot could not live, and it was his fate to be a modern in a modern world.

Corot's landscape, then, is not the classic landscape of his own youth; but if by classic we mean a serene and happy dream, without storm, passion and dark melancholy, the conviction of a solemn and radiant Arcadia, born somehow with the first sight of moonlight and branches falling upon a pond, and hovering faintly in the air, it is a word may stand. What is extraordinary in our age is its unbroken consistency with one mood, its unbroken march step by step, and gathering up of means, as for a forced march, its completeness and content. The modern painter, when his spell is half woven, himself is disenchanted, and breaks his wand; Corot to extreme old age wove on at his filmy vision. From the first he is seen collecting the sticks for it as for something instead held secure like a bird's nest to a bird. The picture that he was to grow directed and limited his studies and the business of his eyes was in its elements from the first. Black stems, the cloud of green, the ivory and silver and pale blue of air, only to themselves sweep, sweep, sweep adjustment, more delicate gradation. Corot is never the struggler with nature, affixing the accidental heap of the world for a

picture undescribed. He holds its invoice, he is "advised" of it, and seems rather to go out to meet, to verify and remember in its details what has been consigned to him from the first.

A tree is of all matter of painting at once the most amenable and the most obstinate. It is not, like a man, made on a pattern of proportion and limbs that alter little. The accidents of growth will multiply the arms to hundreds and dispose them in countless shapes. For the painter who has his pattern secure they come obedient because of this variableness, but for the painter who goes to them with a blank mind they are terrible creatures, cutting jagged lines and spotty arabesques against the sky and teasing the mind with frustrate and interfering lines. In Corot's mind a certain tree grew. He recognized a part of it in the olive of Italy, in their spare serpentine arms and cloud of gray green with glittering points of light. He saw more of it in the larger points of light and denser mass of the poplar at home, with outlying fringes of willow. He perceived the lights and modeled only the larger masses of the leaves, so that his tree became almost a ghost of umbrage and shimmer. The lines of his stems and branches are not the property of the tree only, they belong to the picture as well. Line echoes line across the canvas; on this side the branches thrust out over the water, on the other side movement and curve are taken up and an answering line flings out of the picture. The germ of the scheme is in Claude, but never in him so singled out and made completely musical with intentional arrests and counter moving subjects, so that the rhythm may not be too easily discovered. The pupil, too, betters his lesson in his treatment of the outline and mass of foliage, in his consideration of the shape of the spaces it occupies and leaves. There is no accidental serration or ungainly cutting in his work. When a silhouette of a tree on a false track by some feathery boundary line thrown up by a subsidiary growth.

Corot naturally saw things blurred. "Je me suis laissé enlever par le ciel cotonneux de Paris," he said, but the cotton soft heavens were the weather of his mind; the cloud or ghost of an object was what he first took of its form. He also took, secondarily, a strong impression of its rhythm; the ghost of mass and the directing lines of build are what make up objects to him. His painting is the poetry of such appearance. The difficulty for him was not to present this natural taste too baldly. The tree threatened to resolve itself into black and white and nebulous green. To model in between these limits, to convince the eye that all was there without overlying this impression which was to be the final as well as the first; to verify it enough, to make his ghost substantial so that it should not separate off from the thing like an impalpable fancy, and to keep the taste of reality, was the task for Corot. In face of nature itself his temptation was not to forget his picture, but the thing; to nail his eye to the tree and follow it out was impossible for him; he took a hint here and a hint there, cautiously anchoring his green nebula to the earth strand by strand, so that the soft umbrage and feathery cirrus and sky borrowed silver of them should float at the boundary of strangeness and truth, of fact and dream.

It follows that Corot could not learn to draw in a drawing school. To make out things by adding definite part to part was to reverse the natural working of his mind. He discovered this at once in Italy. He went out with his sketch book and attempted to draw groups in the street. He came away with bits of noses, arms and legs. Then he threw the system overboard and practised catching an ensemble of shape and movement, drawing by the masses. In his full grown method he painted in the order of his mind. He did not build up his most vigorous forms and then hang a distance and a sky behind them. He painted his sky first, then blossomed the forms out upon it by tender approaches to nearness and addition of substance, but left them more distant than the sky. This order of the picture suggests. Thus one observed found him working from a foreground that was actually a middle distance.

No man was ever more completely and happily wrapped up in his own dream. He came into the world to paint a single picture and was distracted by nothing else. Music was his favorite relief. He read nothing. He had repeatedly begun "Polyeucte" and would say hopefully, "This year I really must finish Polyeucte." If he bought books it was because they were handsome and to give to his models to read. A Magdalen was found posing for him with a heavy volume of law. Examples of his efforts to enter into conversation on current topics are in the midst of the most of his work. It appears that Mr. Hugo is a man of the quiet of 1848. It seems as if the people are not altogether content. His memory, unburdened by things of no importance to him, became singularly tenacious of the matter of his art. He could repeat his own pictures from memory and complete a picture from a sketch. He had methods in his scale of tone so that he could indicate by numerals 1, 2, 3, 4, the values of objects, and his first step in painting was to note the extreme light and shade between which the gradations were to lie. A passage too familiar to quote, in which he describes under symbols from "him" to "bourn" and back again the growing of light from dawn and its dying away, illustrates a once sense of key in tone and his resolute choice of the cool and silvery keys for himself. In Henri Dumas' "Corot, Souvenirs Intimes," and "Pointes Vivantes" by T. Silvestre, the student and amateur of the master will find plenty of material concerning his personality and his art.

For Maclaurin, Corot in his Vergilian poems equals Ruydael. He began with a series of studies in the Roman Campagna, imitatively accomplished and correct. Then he contented himself with a cluster of trees, a streamlet, a glimpse of a thinning in the woods, in order to realize his touching and flowing harmonies. All his life Corot was to be abused by the school which upheld against him Cabat and other mediocrities; he lived in poverty, selling his works so badly that he often offered to throw in some study to the rare buyer whose coming astounded him. This simple and good man, whom his admirers called Papa Corot, had in spite of his poverty, he too gave style to nature in the fashion of Ruydael, Poussin and the romanticists, but he only simplifies the coloring to make one feel still more the fluidity of the air which envelopes things. A pearly gray, a bluish green and some notes of brown are enough for him to compose a scene, a veritable music of subtle shades. And he introduces into the landscape the notion of the infinite, the mysterious and majestic vibration of the poetry of pan-

theism. He is the first to blend the attributes of a tree with the atmosphere, to suppress the dryness of outlines out into the sky and to influence the tones of objects according to the tints of the firmament, and according to the hour. He expresses intensely the mist, the poetry of water, the undefined flight of the distance. Watteau alone before him equalled the elegance of his slender, bent trees, rising sinuously from the soil, with their light, bouquetlike foliage. He often recalls Poussin and Vergil, blending with his landscapes little figures of nymphs and naiads of exquisite lightness. And this great dreamer of the twilight, this great harmonist of foliage and water, is also an admirable painter of figures. His figures have only recently been noticed, so unjustly has the artist been deprecated. They were the astonishment and rapture of Degas, who knows all the secrets of design. They count among the most beautiful figures of the century. Corot is one of those artists who seem to be the impersonal expression of nature herself, of the innate poetry of things. In contemplating him we do not think of technique but are entirely absorbed by the feeling of tenderness, by the penetrating sensations which he himself felt. It is only then that we can see the height to which his knowledge of values rose, the mastery sureness of color to whom the greatest difficulties were play.

With Corot French landscape painting reaches its apogee and liberates itself at the same time from classicism and the heaviness of the romantic school. With Corot the great principle of modern landscape painting is established; atmosphere becomes the essential and logical theme. It is atmosphere that gives color and reacts upon all the tones of the picture. It reduces all colors to the basis, and thus the landscape approaches the symphonic principle. Corot's work is the starting point of an evolution that seemed to lead to a fusion of painting and music. It delivered a fresh blow to the fundamental notions of the school. One of these notions is that of local color, that is to say, the belief in the individual coloring of objects, whereas in reality and scientifically all color is the result of light and is modified as light is modified. There are no absolute colors; there are variations and absolute influences of colors according to the hour of the day. Shadow is not absence of light; but another form of light and composed of certain colors. The notion of local color, the statement that a tree is green or a sky blue, therefore no reality. It follows that painting may be considered from an entirely new standpoint. To Corot's efforts is due the very clear position of this question. He was a great musician, and he touches the soul by means analogous to those of music, by rhythm and by the very subtle development of a dominating tonality and of its shades.

It may be said, adds the commentator, that Corot has been a profoundly active force, though indirectly since he proclaimed his new theories, and his harmony was not such as can be imitated or begun anew. He was a grand isolated figure, but he was also father of the landscape art of today. After him may be mentioned Jules Dupré, who has painted some beautiful pieces; Harpignies, Francis, Jules Breton, who in spite of his insipid sentimentality has painted some of the most beautiful scenes of the century. Corot personally was as strong as Hercules. In his blue blouse, with his wavy hair and the inevitable short Corot pipe in his mouth, a pipe that has become historical, one would have taken him for a carter rather than a celebrated painter. At the same time he remained during his whole life a girl; twenty years senior to all the great landscape painters of the epoch, he was at once a patriot in their eyes and their younger comrade. His long white hair surrounded the innocent face of a ruddy country girl, and his kind and pleasant eyes were those of a child listening to a fairy tale. During the war of 1870 his joyful head of 74 boughs and his joy in life fighting against Germany. Benevolence was the joy of his old age. Every friend who begged for a picture got it, while for money he had the indifference of a hermit who has no wants and neither owns nor reaps but is fed from Heaven. He was breathlessly after an acquaintance to whom, contrary to his wont, he had refused 5,000 francs. "Forgive me," he said, "I am a miser, but here they are." And when a picture dealer brought him 10,000 francs Corot gave him the following directions: "Send them to the widow of my friend Millet; only she must believe that you have bought pictures from him." Corot was a happy man, and no one more deserved to be happy. He found the joy in nature which he had in himself. Every nature he avoided, and his own life passed without romance or catastrophe. He has no picture in which there is a tree harassed by a storm. No man lived a more orderly, regular and reasonable life. No evening passed that he did not play a rubric of whist with his mother, who did not many years before him, and was loved by the old man with the devotion of a child. His serenity is mirrored in his art. When they bore him from his house in the Faubourg-Poissonnière and a passer-by asked who was being buried a fat old woman standing at her doorway answered: "I don't know his name, but he was a good man." The artist will be replaced with difficulty, the man never, said Dupré at the grave of Corot.

An Immense Flower.

From the Scientific American.

The largest of all the flowers of the world is said to be the Jattifera, a native of Sumatra, so called after Sir Stamford Raffles. This immense flower is composed of five round petals of a brilliant color, each measuring a foot across. These are covered with numerous irregular yellowish white swellings.

The petals surround a cup nearly a foot wide, the margin of which bears the stamens. The cup of the Jattifera is filled with a fleshy disk, the up or surface of which is covered with a profusion of minute white horns. The cup when first from its contents will hold about twelve petals. The flower which about the middle of the petals being three-quarters of an inch.

MUSICAL.

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THE DRIFT OF THE NEW DRAMA

HARRIGAN'S PLAYS AND SOME OTHER MEN'S.

Native Types Selected by Our Playwrights—What the Successors of Harrigan Did—A German Play's Weak Points—Rights for the Films of Dramas.

Discerning literary critics discovered simultaneously in both Edward Harrigan and Denham Thompson the father of a new school of American drama. Both playwrights had to the mind of these writers, who rarely interested themselves in the theatre, opened a new vista in the American theatre. Both had gone to life. The drama of this country had at last come into its own.

Such praise had the characteristic lack of knowledge that comes from wholly literary authorities. It was a measure true that both men had brought novelty of types to our theatre. Harrigan was strongly national and his exotic entertainments that flourished about him. The humor of Horace Lindard and "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" was no more native in spirit than the adaptations of French opera bouffe that the Worrell sisters were offering to the New York public. In comparison with such theatrical fare it seems as if the appreciation of the local color that Harrigan gave his plays must have been strong.

As the adventures of the Mulligan family progressed from one stage to another New York audiences of that day delighted in the novelty of recognizable types. In the same way Denham Thompson began to bring into his own successful dramatic creation more and more of New England rural life. He survived longer than Harrigan on the stage, although his efforts were never spread over so large a field. Both ceased to write, although neither was without successors.

Charles Hoyt carried on the Harrigan tradition in a form that was better suited to his day. The Harrigan types have not ceased to exist. They may still be found in the part of the city from which their creator brought them to the stage. The negro and the Irishman in Chelsea are as human and as amusing to-day as they were in the days of the first man who realized their possibilities on the stage. It is not the types that disappeared but the patience of the public for them. With this was the demand for a somewhat larger canvas and a more realistic style. The limited field led him to disaster. Even the speeches of his later dramas with their philosophical and axiomatic spirit became absurdly inflated and bombastic.

The Hoyt plays covered a much larger area of interest. There the humor of the hotel of that day were drawn, the baseball umpire had his share of attention, the practical plumber of that age of humor was used as an amusing type and the Western statesman was a figure in one of the least successful of Harrigan's plays. Here was a field of entertainment that made the Harrigan achievements seem narrow indeed. That Hoyt depleted in every case the life of this country as the caricaturists of the comic weeklies of that era revealed it did not in the least injure its value for the purposes of the stage. That view in fact added the necessary element of exaggeration. If it were a so-called French ball, it was drawn in a Hoyt farce with the broadest and least restrained caricature allowed himself. There was no artist in the field of American farce for no other writer in the time of the preponderant Hoyt. Naturally Harrigan, who had always found New York his only profitable field, had to retire before a form of drama that made so much stronger an appeal. There were many more facets to the Hoyt gem to catch the light of American life and send it dancing out to amuse the spectators who took such delight from witnessing these exaggerations of the existence that they were more or less familiar with.

While Hoyt was carrying out and amplifying the new ideas that Harrigan had brought to the stage of music and comedy, the influence of Denham Thompson, so highly praised by literary authorities, had not been without its force. Perhaps James H. H. "Shore Acres" advised the most popular success in this field, although in "Margaret Fleming" he aimed at higher dramatic possibilities in the life of village New England. Just now the tendency of the theatre seems to be in quite another direction than the studies of pastoral life found their highest, most dramatic form in the Herve plays. Perhaps more direct in the line of descent from "The Old Homestead" than "Shore Acres" or "Sag Harbor" is such a specimen of the so-called by-gone dramas as "Way Down East," which will always find a public awaiting them. But they would scarcely be acclaimed as a new school of the drama even by critics of literature.

There was a brief interregnum when the Hoyt plays, in just the manner of those that Harrigan had done, ceased to interest the public. They began to pass out of the fashion as their predecessors had. The early Weber & Fields burlesques in Broadway, which their choruses and their elaborate dressing were supposed to be accounted a part of the evolution which began with Harrigan and has reached in our own day George M. Cohan. With his farces of music and dancing there was just as strongly national a note of humor as in any of those of his predecessors.

He had the disadvantage of coming long after the stage had adopted several noted types of character and made them its types. When Edward Harrigan wrote the first there was the negro of the black-faced comedians and there was the Irishman that Barney Williams and W. J. Florence represented. He bore as much relation to life as the Irishman of the American had come to the stage through Harrigan and George Williams. So when the Irish plays began there was not so large an area of national character to be revealed. To-day discerning critics of literature if they should turn their attention to any department of their profession so unimportant as the drama might conclude without danger of error that George M. Cohan was at present the wearer of all the laurels that once rested on the Harrigan brow. But he has passed much further on the road to fame than his noted predecessor. He began, in fact, where the Harrigan plays left off.

The audience at the Bijou Theatre on Thursday found it impossible to keep from laughing at the amorous episodes in "Youth." That has been the result at every American production of this play. Why in warm physical demonstration there should be only the incentive to uncontrollable merriment it is not always easy to decide. But in the case of Max Halbe's play there is not the slightest concealment of the causes of the failure of every scene.

In none of the amorous episodes does the two young lovers there the foundation of a dramatic situation. When the young master of the house in Kadelburg's "Die Haubenleiche" kisses the factory girl in a way that leaves no doubt of his intentions toward her nobody ever laughed. The scene in the German play makes a profound impression. It is the climax to which the dramatist in his efforts to show the unworthy love of the youthful brother of the factory owner has been leading up during the whole of the first act. The kisses in "Youth" are the dramatic beginning and end of the play.

The difference between the methods of Kadelburg, who is a skilful dramatist, although he would doubtless be scorned by the world of letters that acclaimed Halbe a score of years ago, and the author of "Youth" makes the scenes laughable in one play and impressive in the other. If a man rises from his seat in a subway car and kisses the stranger in the seat opposite to him, the average passenger would find the proceedings rather laughable. But if one man there knew that the two were, for instance, brother and sister long separated, and brought together for the first time in years, or that they were man and wife similarly kept apart, his emotions under such a sight would be altogether different. This carousal would take on a dramatic and emotional interest that it could not possibly possess for the spectator unfamiliar with the relations between the two persons.

The skilful playwright makes his spectators understand that back of this demonstration there is some dramatic significance. Such a scene must depend on something in the lives of these two persons that has gone before. With this the spectators are of course acquainted. Then the spectacle of two in each other's arms means something more than mere physical demonstration and moves an audience to some other emotion than merriment.

That is true of an American audience. Juvenile demonstration for its own sake is highly repulsive to German spectators. "Youth" ran for months in Berlin and on this slender artistic capital Halbe has subsisted ever since. "The Rosenhagens" is a prosaic study of life in rural Germany, with a touch of the Erkmann-Charlatan "Les Ranzans," but with none of the geniality and humor of that situation in the French play. "Mother Earth" is insignificant. The adolescent courtship of "Youth," however, put Halbe at once among the foremost younger dramatists of his country.

Ernest Wedekind knows this weakness of his countrymen, and when he wrote "The Awakening of Spring" for the Intimes Theatre in Berlin he made his hero and heroine just entering the years of their early youth. This bonnie bonnie for the Berlin public kept the play on the boards for months. There was a great deal of talk about the spring in Halbe's play on Thursday and the significance of its allusions is not to be overlooked. But it was still earlier spring in the Wedekind drama and it awoke in the presence of the audience sitting in front of the little stage of the Intimes Theatre in the veins of the two children of the drama. If Wedekind had not attained his rank as a dramatist years before that play would have brought him immediate fame. Yet when Antoine sought to interest French audiences in the study of youthful love they remained quite cold to its phenomena. Paris has known its Palais Royal too long to mask its pleasure in the guise of psychological study. Then its public is too sophisticated to be interested in children under the conditions that so much delight the German audience, and incidentally instruct them as any study of nature should.

Beyond the character of the idiot boy in "Youth" there is scarcely a trace of interest in the characters. He is significant because he embodies the Nemesis that must overtake the lovers. This is the one instance of dramatic craftsmanship in the play. Once the gun is put into his hands the audience knows what is to happen. So this simple indication of the genuine means of the theatre is powerful to add to "Youth" all the dramatic thrill that it possesses.

The enterprise of foreign playwrights in dealing with the American manager has been a most curious one. It was called "Paris" the other day that an American who had some time previously purchased the acting rights to a play had also acquired the film rights. This means that in the present demand for the moving pictures in Europe playwrights are quick to part with the rights of their works for display in the picture theatres. So in order to protect himself against the possibility of having his purchase displayed on the moving picture films through the association between the companies here and in Europe, before it reaches the stage, the manager must pay not only for the dramatic but the film rights as well.

The evident objection to the use of his play in the moving picture theatres is the loss of novelty for the public. This does not, however, seem inevitable. If the theory of Daniel Frohman and other dramatists be true, that these films prepare the public for better things, it does not seem impossible that a knowledge of a drama acquired in this way might stimulate the public to a desire to see the same work played by actors. One recent investigator has found that the Shakespearean dramas used as means of suggesting scenes for the screens have piqued the curiosity of spectators to see the plays themselves and have thus had in the end a stimulating artistic result. Why that should not work out the same way in the case of the modern plays it is not easy to understand. With managers reducing the prices of their galleries to fight the opposition of the moving picture shows and others calling in Julius Hopp to sell tickets for them at half price there must still be a potent opposition in these entertainments. It might be wiser therefore to make them serve a useful purpose rather than to treat them as implacable rivals. A drama made familiar on the films might readily interest spectators enough to create a desire to see it in its entirety. If it were not good enough for that success would seem unlikely in any form.

Shadow 50 Miles Long.

From the Scientific American.

The Peak of Teneriffe projects a huge shadow stretching upward of fifty miles across the deep and partly eclipsing the adjoining islands. Exaggerated shadows of immense size are commonly seen in many other places. On the Harz Mountains the so-called Spectre of the Brocken throws gigantic shadows of mountain climbers into the air, creating a very momentary movement of the air. The same occurs on the summit of the Lofn, a Scotch mountain, in one case and repeated air in the other explain these optical illusions. The same causes produce also solid shadows, varying at each hour of the day, and traceable to the dispersion of the solar rays.

AMERICAN HOSTESSES BUSY

Continued from First Page.

In Les Nouvelles, the morning daily paper which she edits in the interests of women. Among other things she recounts the distinctions won by women at the last examinations.

In archaeology six women students won the two medals and four mentions, while no honor went to a man. In perspective drawing only two students passed, a woman and a man, the latter obtaining a medal. In the anatomy and sculpture class one pupil alone passed, a woman. In painting a woman led with a third medal, a man also receiving a medal. The important Talrich prize was awarded to a woman.

Mme. Durand then recalls the fight of fourteen years ago for the admission of women students to the School of Fine Arts and how she and the leaders of the campaign were assured that their demands were stupid, that women could never comprehend true art, being fit at the most to dabble in water colors and daub fans, and that men students alone were capable of profiting by serious teaching.

"If so few years have sufficed," continues Mme. Durand, "to bring about such a result in matters of art it can surely be affirmed that in other branches of human activity from which they are still excluded women would have made equally rapid progress."

It is to be hoped that the successes won by women in the School of Fine Arts will not bring about a reaction against them, as once happened at the Conservatoire, where an order abolished by the present director, M. Gabriel Fauré, limited the number of women pupils in the stringed instrument classes because, being more assiduous, they won all the prizes at the competitions and so discouraged the male pupils.

The greatest eating house in the world was opened in Berlin last Wednesday. It is the new Zoological Garden restaurant, in which 10,000 people can dine at the same time beneath the roof, while the open air terraces for use in summer can accommodate another 10,000 diners. There are 1,000 waiters and a kitchen staff of 500 persons.

Among queer addresses of welcome recently on behalf of an Indian prince to Baron Harding of Peshawar, the new Viceroy of India, may be worth mentioning:

Of Lord, these northern Himalaya eternal snow peaks on which invisible Nymphs play merrily to and fro, and on which the rising and setting sun exhibits an extraordinary beauty of nature as if spall diamond pieces glittering with the greatest lustre, the most beautiful mountains covered with lofty trees clothed in the finest lichen embraced by good many kinds of wild creepers bearing the leaves and flowers of every hue and color tossing their branches in the balmy wind yielding the nourishment to the eyes of the travellers passing by; these scattered villages and hamlets almost surrounded by the most admirable wheat and barley fields with dewdrops decorated resembling the most pretty galleries of green velvet set with costly blue pearls, these silvery streams and the picturesque waterfalls that have been reduced by the hot weather to merely a thread gently and clearly flowing down and there along the valley; these lovely iris flowers of the sweetest fragrance that exhibited the full beauty of the summer season and these attractive scenic series of which the most picturesque and the best of all is that of the retreat forest, do welcome your Excellency and her Ladyship by the soft voice of cuckoo, green plover, dove and the chirping of the birds.

Of my Lord! the lamber verses of your Excellency's stainless glory, of the praiseworthy simplicity, the love of honesty, sincerity, impartiality, and the benevolence to the poor people which are the most valuable qualities of a ruler, be assured, which your Excellency has so wisely displayed in many European imperial courts, are cheerfully sung by the heavenly nymphs in Paradise.

A Russian private soldier named Mednikoff owes his sudden promotion to the rank of a non-commissioned officer to the fact that he stood on sentry duty for thirty-two hours on end.

Mednikoff belonged to the Twenty-first Regiment of Sappers at Glinov, a garrison town in western Russia, and was detailed to guard a powder magazine situated at a couple of miles distance from the town. At 1 o'clock in the morning he took up his post, expecting to be relieved at 6 o'clock, but no one came. There he stood, foodless and exposed to inclement weather, all the next day and the whole of the following night, until at 6 o'clock A. M. on the second day, when, through sheer exhaustion he fell down in a faint.

The explanation was that the regimental commander had committed suicide and in the ensuing confusion the sentry had been forgotten. The case was reported to the Czar, who forthwith made Mednikoff a non-commissioned officer and sent him a present of \$12.50.

When a prominent politician is dangerously ill or dies in France one of the first questions discussed is always: "Will he be buried by nun?" or "Will he be buried religiously or civilly?" The recent accident at the start of the Paris-Madrid aviation race has once more shown that the Church question is no more settled in France than the Dreyfus affair or even the Panama scandal, and that it needs only an incident to bring it to the fore again.

That the family of M. Berteaux, late Minister of War, had a low mass performed after the funeral has caused comment, and M. Monis, the injured Premier, has deemed it advisable to let it be known that he is being nursed not by nuns but by English trained nurses. Even that has failed to placate some Paris newspapers, which, probably deceived by the English nurses' costume, ask if it is not true that they belong to a Protestant religious order.

The eternal servant problem seems to be nearing a solution in Berlin, and it is a very simple one, namely the substitution of men for women.

Of recent years a vast increase in the immigration from the country to the city has taken place, with the result that a capable man servant can now be hired for between \$8 and \$10 a month with board.

The Berlin Hausfrau testifies that the new servant is infinitely superior to the old, besides lending a social glory to the household, as hitherto men servants have been employed almost solely by noble and aristocratic or very wealthy families. Experience shows that they can do and do as well or better all that the woman servant does, dusting, cleaning, brushing, attending at table, even cooking; in short, everything except washing and ironing, against which the manly soul still revolts.

They are far more easily satisfied, far more obliging and far less capricious.

and their sense of duty is illustrated by the fact that they will actually clean and put away the silver and china after a party before they go to bed. They are a source of economy too, for when in charge china cups and saucers do not acquire the habit of automatically sliding off the silver to the ground or valuable vases and ornaments that of suddenly jumping from their places in the dead watches of the night and being smashed.

Nor does this exhaust the list of their superior qualities, for they rarely give notice in a fit of temper and more readily become attached to their employers. Still no man is perfect, and the master where a man servant is employed must be prepared for a mysterious fading away of color in his whiskey and a high rate of mortality among his cigars.

Airmen have no patron saint, yet it is proposed in France that Ascension day should be chosen as their fête patronale. It sounds like a joke to make the choice by virtue of a pun, but it is really quite in accordance with medieval precedents.

Already masons and bricklayers count Ascension day their fête patronale for precisely the same reason. In order to build houses they ascend ladders. What is perhaps more curious is that miners and quarrymen also claim it as their own.

Generally of course a saint's story or earthly vocation has made him patron of a particular trade or class. So Joseph is naturally the patron of carpenters, St. Ives, a lawyer, that of lawyers. On this principle Elijah, who ascended in a fiery chariot, would seem the natural patron of airmen.

Jules Verne's "Voyage to the Moon" has come into conflict with the Mohammedan clergy in Persia. The famous Frenchman's works have become very popular with educated Persians since M. Lemaire, the musician, who is a resident of Teheran, published a translation of Verne's stories.

All went well until the "Voyage to the Moon" appeared, which was pronounced subversive to the faith. The Mohammedan tradition has it that the coffin of Mohammed is suspended between the earth and the heavens, and here lies the cardinal difficulty with Jules Verne. If one fires a shell at the moon it might hit the bier of the Prophet, and such a thought fills the minds of the faithful with horror. The consequence is that any one found reading the Persian version of the "Voyage to the Moon" will incur severe penalties.

Langfuhr, the suburb of Danzig where the German Crown Prince is to take command of the famous Death's Head Zeppelin Hussars, is one of the three strands praised by Alexander von Humboldt as the loveliest in Europe. The two others are those of the Golden Horn at Constantinople and of the Gulf of Trieste.

Langfuhr is so called from the "long road" connecting it with Danzig. The distance is only two kilometers, but the name was considered justified at a time when there were no railways, street cars or automobiles. Langfuhr is as old as Danzig and has always been dotted with the villas of the rich merchants of the port; while the splendid alleys of chestnuts, with 800 trees along each side, between the port and the suburb is rivalled in Germany by the similar avenue extending from Hanover to Herrenhausen.

In early times the number of villas was not large, and the population of the place only a quarter of a century ago was less than 3,000. To-day it is 30,000, and whole streets of villas with long and shady gardens cover the area. Among them is the Villa Dippe, the yellow sandstone mansion which the Crown Prince and his family are to occupy.

Count Claude de Choiseul has entered appeal in Paris against the verdict condemning him in the action brought by the American jeweller M. Walter, who charged that he had been swindled in the deal whereby the count sold the jeweller some pictures in return for a pearl necklace. The verdict condemned the count to pay a fine of \$600, his accomplice, the man who supplied the pictures, to pay the same, and the man who acted as go between to pay \$100. Besides this the jeweller gets four of the pictures and \$5,400 compensation, with constraint to serve for the minimum time.

This last provision is unlike anything in American law. It means that when a man is condemned to make restitution and fails to do so the person to whom the money is due can if he likes have his debtor thrown into prison and can keep him there a year or two or until the money is paid, provided that he, the creditor, pays the debt \$7 a month, or his debtor's maintenance. No doubt Count Claude will avoid this unpleasant contingency by settling the affair if the appeal gas against him.

The Russian Government is issuing strongly worded warnings concerning the widespread feverish speculation that has seized the Russian stock market. The boom that set in after the last harvest has become a wild-rage to gamble and Mr. Kokartzeff of the Finance Department and Mr. Tschelchewsky, Minister of commerce, are doing their utmost to throw cold water on it. Their fear is that the rapid inflation of prices all round will lead to a collapse and do serious harm to the Russian economy. At the same time it will frighten away foreign capital.

In the leading official publication, the "Trade and Industry Gazette," figures are given to illustrate the growth of the speculation. The value of the Russian production rose last year to 184.7 million rubles and 147.6 million rubles in 1909, and now by legislation the import duty has been reduced on foreign cast iron until July, 1912, to help meet the shortage. In Russia a thirty-three joint stock trading banks the shares were priced at \$87,248,000 rubles, against 1,315,480,000 rubles a year before. The amount of money out on "on call" credits was 201.9 million rubles last year, against only 336.9 million rubles in 1909.

The heavy being drawn of the government financiers the answer is made that the authorities are themselves chiefly to blame for so much money being used in speculation instead of productive investment. By broad distribution of the credit put in the way of launching any new enterprise.

Fashions are more revolutionary this year than they have been for many seasons. The really small hat is now an accomplished fact women are becoming resigned to the widened skirt and dirty crinolines sleeve is accepted as a duty novelty, but the new hair dressing may be considered as the last straw.

It is being shown by fashionable London hair dressers, but as yet few women venture to wear it in public. The hair is drawn straight back from the forehead and sides and finished with a little flat coil at the back. All such frivolities as puffs, curls or even waves are abandoned. It has a very curious effect after the very full coiffure, and it is not in the least likely that it will become popular, for few women possess the beautiful hair which it requires.

It is having a strong influence on new hair dressing styles and already far narrower and smoother heads of hair are becoming fashionable.

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